

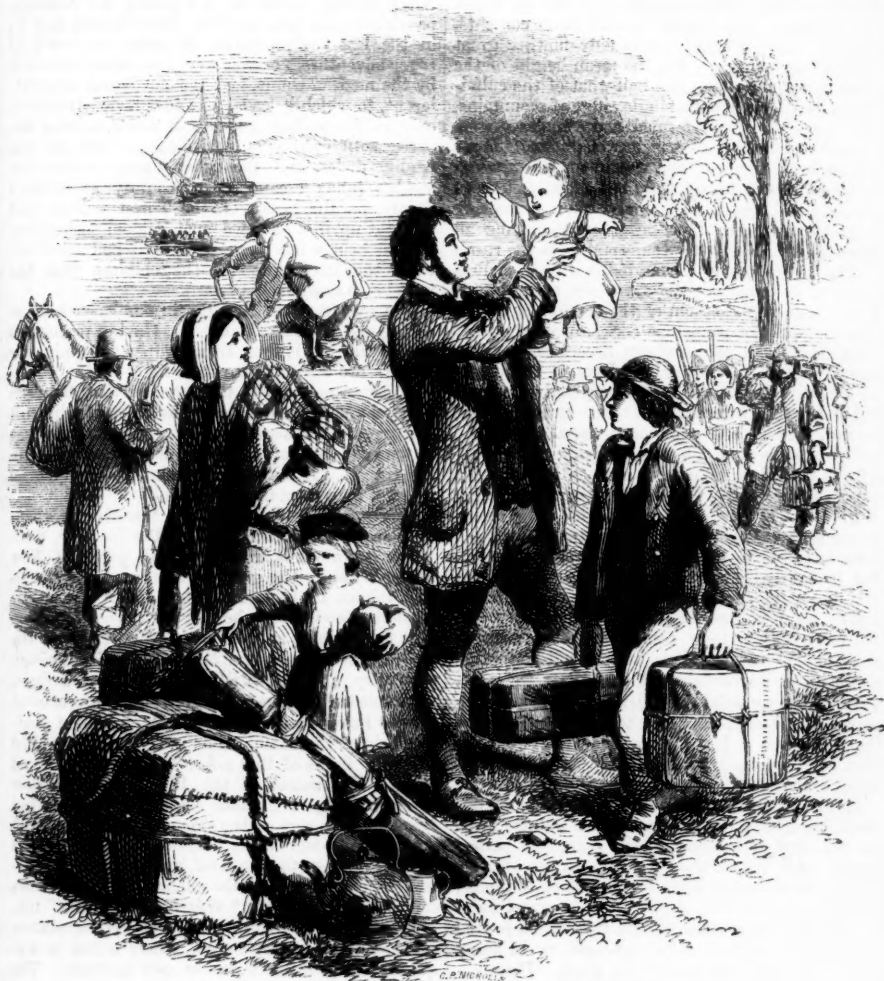
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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—II. THE ARRIVAL.

AUSTRALIA.

II.—ITS GOLD-FIELDS.

THE entire eastern coast of Australia is girdled by a belt of highlands, known in the neighbourhood of Sydney as the Blue mountains, and further
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south as the Australian Alps, some western spurs and offshoots of the latter taking the names of the Pyrenees and Grampians. The range is the water-parting of streams which flow immediately to the ocean, from those which have a landward direction,

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and either form the river-system of the Murray travelling to a far distant sea, or lose themselves in interior swamps and sands. It closely approaches the shore at some points, and recedes at others to a distance varying from fifty to a hundred miles. There are no stupendous elevations. Mount Kosciusko, the highest peak, near the frontier of New South Wales and Victoria, rises 6500 feet, overtopping the line of perpetual snow. Standing on its summit, which has no adjacent rivals to intercept the view, a vast panorama is overlooked, while on one side, from the very verge of the station, the eye plunges into a fearful gorge descending almost perpendicularly 3000 feet, in the bed of which the sources of the Murray gather their contents, the only snow-fed and perpetually flowing great river of the country. But the mean height of the chain is not more than one-half that of the culminating point. It is not a single ridge of mountains, but a very irregularly formed and complex system of highland masses of varying character. There are peaked, serrated, and round-topped ranges; detached hills rising up from but slightly elevated ground; and great table-lands, often presenting very steep faces on the seaward side, defying all direct ascent. The latter conformation is the result of the slopes being perforated with an endless series of precipitous valleys, ravines, and gulleys. These rents in the bosom of the earth, inclosed by gigantic walls of sandstone rock, are of the most labyrinthine and extraordinary description; either grand hollows, like capacious bays of the ocean, covered with forests, with extremely contracted outlets and perfectly vertical sides; or winding gorges, narrow, gloomy, and profoundly deep. Long did the early settlers on the west of Sydney look wistfully to the Blue mountains, anxious to know the aspect of the country beyond them, never dreaming of gold, but of new pasture-lands for their multiplying flocks. But government inspectors returned from attempts to cross the range, completely baffled by the ravines, and were glad to effect their own disengagement after days of bewilderment in them. Exploring parties were repeatedly sent out, and came back to their homesteads after enduring great fatigue and privation, with a full conviction of the utter impossibility of passing to the westward of the formidable barrier. This opinion appeared to be supported by the fact, that such of the aborigines as had become known to the colonists, were wholly ignorant of any route to the interior over the opposing heights.

It was in the year 1813 that a season of unusual drought occurred, reducing the country, from the sea-coast to the base of the hills, to a perfect desert. All the secondary water-courses entirely failed; the scorched fields became desolate tracts; and the cattle of the colonists died in great numbers for want of pasturage. But this dearth proved an immense ulterior advantage, and as in many other cases, the evil worked for good. Three enterprising individuals were induced to combine their energies and resources in another attempt to thread the maze of the highlands, and penetrate the chain which had been considered an impregnable barrier. Ascending by the valley of the Grose river, a stream flowing east, between stupendous cliffs, with boulders as large as houses at their base, they succeeded in gaining the main ridge; and

following the fall of waters in an opposite direction, the laborious travellers at length caught sight of a fine pastoral country to the westward. A practicable route was soon afterwards opened by convict toil; settlers rapidly proceeded to the newly discovered region; flocks took possession of its grassy downs; Bathurst was founded; counties were marked out; and year after year, the features of ordinary colonization travelled farther inland. The present road, not improperly styled a kind of Australian Simplon, was finally completed in the year 1832, when the Victoria Pass was opened, so called in honour of the queen, then a youthful princess. After having served as a highway for ordinary passengers and farm produce, there poured over it, in the last twelvemonths, as motley a crowd of eager adventurers as ever were associated, attracted by the modern Ophir, and the auriferous-sites adjacent, to which it leads. Lands previously known only as the feeding grounds of cattle, became covered with swarms of gold-diggers; and we can readily understand the astonishment which the sudden influx created in a solitary stockman's family, on the banks of the Turon. Born and brought up in a secluded spot, seldom seeing any human beings but their parents, it had never entered the imagination of the children that the world contained such a crowd.

We can travel in thought in our easy chair at home, and often like to do so. Having performed in this way the journey from Sydney to Ophir, our readers are welcome to rough notes of the route. The distance is about the same as that between London and Manchester; but owing to the difficult country, and the slower means of locomotion, three or four days are ordinarily required to accomplish the transit. It may be despatched in a very brief interval by a mental pilgrimage.

Starting from the capital, the traveller proceeds to Paramatta, at the head of the harbour, from which town roads diverge to all parts of New South Wales. The great western road, the one he will follow, leads to Penrith; and if not under auriferous excitement, he may rest himself beyond that township, at an inn close to the ferry over the Nepean, having advanced thirty-five miles through a country inclosed with rails instead of hedges, with substantial houses and good cottages scattered about. Passing the river in a punt—a kind of floating bridge, the Eru plains are entered, so called from the flocks of that noble bird formerly found there. The ascent of the Blue mountains now commences by a gradual slope, the road having been cut with care on the side of a sandstone cliff. At "Twenty-four miles Hollow," the altitude is 2738 feet above the sea-level, and a sensible difference is experienced in the climate. This becomes more observable at the "Weather-board Hut" inn, height 2844 feet; a solitary place of accommodation in a wild and dreary region, where a fire is frequently as agreeable as in our own latitude. The proprietor has not neglected to raise prices to passengers since the hunt after gold commenced, a pound having been charged for the fare of a horse at this timber-built cabin. If the traveller has an hour to spare, he may walk to one of those remarkable and enormous gulfs in the earth of which we have spoken. A tiny rill will conduct him to the brink of a vast precipice, shaded with trees, over

which it trickles; and he looks down upon an immense hollow similarly covered with forest, a natural amphitheatre, the bounding cliffs of which are so unbroken and vertical, that a circuit of sixteen miles would be required to reach the base of the waterfall. But we must on by Blackheath, where the height is 3400 feet, to the grand pass of mount Victoria, cut through its rocky side by gangs of convicts working in irons. On approaching it, there is no onward path observable, till a sudden turn shows the artificial cleft, between a high wall of crags on the right hand and the summit of the mountain towering on the left. Emerging from the chasm, the road is carried by an arch and an embankment over the vale of Clwyd, a lovely spot, so called from its resemblance to our own valley of that name. The last easterly-flowing stream, a tributary of the Hawkesbury, is soon afterwards left behind, and the first western water encountered. About the one-hundredth milestone from Sydney, the plains of Bathurst are seen, that place being twenty-three miles distant. The town, on the banks of the Macquarie, is wholly unromantic. The country, still more than 2000 feet above the sea, presents a series of knolls, not unlike the downs of Sussex, of most unpicturesque aspect, but a fine sheep-farming district. Thirty miles from Bathurst is the veritable Ophir, at the Summerhill Creek, near its junction with Lewis's Ponds, in the basin of the Macquarie. The creek is, according to the season, either a mountain torrent, or a chain of ponds, united by a trivial rill, but often perfectly detached. It flows from the lofty mass of mount Canoblas, 4610 feet high, in Wellington county; and traverses a gully bounded by very steep rocks of quartz and schist, which place it in almost constant shadow.

Though we are now far inland, at the parent gold-field of Australia, the name of the site, Summerhill Creek, has a maritime sound. Almost all the auriferous districts have this denomination, as Louisa Creek, Meroo Creek, Muckewa Creek, Winburndale Creek, and Oakley Creek. From the term denoting with us an arm of the sea, it might be imagined that the precious metal was hid in oceanic sands, and that the gold-diggers corresponded in their locality to the Danes of old, who were true Vikings, "children of the creeks," inhabiting bays and inlets. But Australian nomenclature supplies another instance of contrariety to add to those which have been mentioned. The water-course, which in its best estate would be to us a brook or rivulet, is there a creek, though a hundred miles from the coast, and without a drop of fluid in it for months together in the hot season, while the Sydney people speak of going by steamer on the Paramatta river, though that is part of the estuary of Port Jackson, with perfectly salt water.

Humboldt was the first to make the remarkable observation, that auriferous deposits predominate in the mountain chains which have a meridional direction, and may be regarded as invariably occurring in them. It is certainly true that the chief gold-bearing mountains travel in the direction of the meridian, or north and south, though offshoots diverge from them, following a transverse course. The examples are the Andes, the Brazilian ranges, the South Alleghanies, the Urals, the Sierra Nevada of California, and the Australian coast-chain. Large granitic masses, quartz, clay-slate, and other

schistose rocks, basalt, porphyry, and sandstone of the palaeozoic formation, are the main components of the latter. So far back as the year 1844, Sir R. Murchison predicted the existence of gold in this region, and ineffectually recommended a search for it to the government. The opinion was based upon geological considerations; and had he been going to Australia, he might have verified his own prediction, as in the instance of Humboldt during his expedition to the Urals. The latter was so convinced that the same district which yielded gold and platinum, contained diamonds also, that he playfully promised the empress of Russia to produce specimens from the range, and some were forwarded to Petersburg before he returned. An old shepherd appears to have long visited Sydney at intervals, bringing pieces of gold to dispose of; but he kept his secret, and no information transpired respecting the source of his wealth, till the discovery was effected in the early part of the year 1851, by a returned and disappointed adventurer from California. This individual, a man of practical sagacity, was led to explore the Bathurst district, by an impression that many parts of it, through which he had formerly travelled, bore a strong resemblance to the Californian gold-fields in aspect and structure. On February 12, his suspicion of its auriferous character was verified by meeting with actual specimens: April 3, he formally reported his success, which had become extended, to the local government: April 30, the particular localities were indicated to the same quarter: May 6, the opening week of the Great Exhibition, four ounces of gold were produced at a public meeting at Bathurst: and May 22, an official proclamation declared the rights of the Crown in respect to gold found in its natural place of deposit within the territory of New South Wales, a commissioner being appointed to issue licences legalizing, on certain terms, the search for it.*

Considering the amount of wealth abstracted from the earth in a few months, it has been deemed surprising that settlers and shepherds should long have trod the ground, and used the streams for domestic purposes, without detecting the brilliant commodity beneath their feet. But, as a general rule, gold is so minutely and sparingly disseminated, that its presence is only revealed in the process of washing the soil. There is scarcely more appearance of it at the surface than on Salisbury Plain or Bagshot Heath; and the discoverer himself reported in a private letter, "unless you knew how to find it, you might live for a century in this region and know nothing of its existence." Magnificent lumps have indeed been met with, vulgarly called "nuggets," answering to the *pepitas* of the Andes, but these are exceptive cases. The matrix, or original seat of the gold, is most commonly quartz rock, which traverses in large veins the clay slates and other schists. Having been broken up by some convulsion of nature in past ages, or disintegrated by the atmosphere, rains have washed down the auriferous *débris* from its native bed to a lower level, and floods have transported it along the ravines and gulleys, the channels and the banks of the water-courses being the main places of deposit.

* Licences are issued monthly, for which a fee of 30s. each is paid.

But very few specimens of unmoved matrix gold have been observed. The water-worn aspect is all but universal. Fissures and crevices in the original rock-bed of the streams, filled with the fragmentary drift, have become known as "pockets," from the rich spoils they have yielded.

It is no part of our purpose in this paper to describe life at the diggings, now extended far and wide from the original gold-field, or detail the operations conducted at those sites. We merely notice the discovery as a fact of high interest in the natural history of Australia, and of immense political importance, altering the social condition of the colonies, and opening for the redundant population of the mother country a remunerative labour market. During the first ten days, there were 400 adventurers at Ophir; these had increased in another fortnight to 2000, with hundreds on the way; and as many as 20,000 are estimated to have been at one time assembled on the banks of the Turon river. Sydney altogether changed its aspect. Shops shut up, warehouses closed, and regular employment came to a stand. Constables threw down their truncheons by the dozen, crews ran away from their ships, shepherds left their flocks in the fields, servants and apprentices absconded. At last, magistrates, lawyers, physicians, clerks, and tradesmen, joined the crowd of labourers, and went off across the Blue mountains, using all manner of conveyances for themselves and their trappings—carriages, gigs, drays, carts, and wheelbarrows. But having indulged the most extravagant expectations of the facility with which wealth might be acquired, while wholly unfitted for the rough life and hard work necessary to procure any return, many were seen in a few weeks wending their way back to their deserted homes and families in a miserable plight. They were shoeless and penniless, ragged and reckless, half starved and crest-fallen, having sold for next to nothing their equipments—tents, carts, cradles, picks, spades, crows, and washing dishes—which in many cases had cost them all they possessed to purchase. Some had a shy embarrassed air, on encountering outward-bound passengers, fearful of the oft-repeated questions being renewed, asked as much in jest as in earnest, "What gold have you?" "Are your cradles sold?" Never was any conception more erroneous than that of considering a gold-field reached, and gold realised, as nearly identical propositions.

The province of Victoria has undergone similar experience. Its gold discoveries date about three months after the first workings commenced in the adjoining colony. They have proved far more prolific, chiefly owing to the sites being nearer the principal towns, while readily accessible from South Australia and Van Diemen's Land; and consequently greater numbers have been drawn to them. The richest deposits have been found at Ballarat, in the vicinity of the remarkable volcanic hill of Boninyong, forty-five miles from Geelong and sixty-eight from Melbourne; and at Mount Alexander, the Mount Byng of some maps, so called by Sir T. Mitchell, about eighty miles from the capital. All ordinary employments at once suffered a common paralysis. In a despatch from Governor Latrobe, he states:—"The towns of Melbourne and Geelong, and their large suburbs, have been in

appearance almost emptied of many classes of their male inhabitants. Cottages are deserted, houses to let, business is at a stand-still, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs not a man is left. The ships in the harbour are in a great measure deserted; and we hear of instances where not only farmers and respectable agriculturists have found that the only way, as those employed by them deserted, was to leave their farms, join them and form a band, and go shares; but even masters of vessels, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any control over their men otherwise, have made up parties among them to do the same." Though vastly perplexing to those on the spot, the catalogue of calamities which suddenly came upon the government, can scarcely be read by us at a distance without being amused. Thus it stands in the Parliamentary Papers recently issued:—"The *Postmaster* apprehends an entire disruption of the business of his department, unless remedial measures can be taken. The *Surveyor-General* is of the same opinion. The *Deputy-Registrar* thinks that all his subordinates will leave. The *Superintendent of Police* states that, though he has offered high rates of pay to his force, fifty out of fifty-five constables have determined to go. The *Colonial Architect* represents that already some of his subordinates have resigned. The *Superintendent of the Penal Stockade* apprehends serious inconvenience. The *Crown Solicitor* calculates upon complete embarrassment. The *Commissioner of the Court of Requests* thinks it probable that all his subs will resign. The *Deputy-Sheriff* announces that eight men in the jail department have resolved to leave. The *Denominational School Board* fears loss of teachers. Was ever infant state more unceremoniously treated?"

We now offer some considerations to those who dream of gold-digging, which should induce all to pause before they venture, and will lead the wise and prudent to turn their attention to other departments of employ. Three millions value obtained in about ten months is a magnificent item; but it has been largely a lottery, in which, if great prizes have been drawn, the number of blanks has not been few. Though a somewhat equable diffusion of the precious product marks certain districts, as the banks of the Turon, where it has been compared to wheat in a sown field, yet the distribution is generally capricious. Great failures have occurred immediately contiguous to the sites of splendid success. Where the yield is steady over a district, it is not remarkable for rich aggregations. Instances have been known of parties with an admirable outfit, who have slaved "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," with slender profit, when, at the distance of a hundred yards, others have been signally successful, armed with a dilapidated shovel and a superannuated frying-pan. "I have been here," says one, of Mount Alexander, "for two months; I have worked like a brick, and my share of the gold, in that period, comes to little above half an ounce. My party have sunk eight holes, and the result is *nil*. In some places I have been at work, others have been getting gold in large quantities, while I could not get a speck." The highest average earnings at this spot, which is the richest district, are estimated by the commissioner at from 15s. to 30s. per day; in other places 10s. per day

are mentioned; but while some have realised this amount, a nearly equal number have scarcely earned their rations. The gains have to be checked by high prices for unavoidable articles and services. Boots have been put down at from 20s. to 25s. per pair; oats at 20s. per bushel, and maize at 13s. Shoeing a horse costs 27., or 10s. for each shoe; and the doctor will not stir from his tent on his vocation under a fee of 5*l*.

Gold-digging is no child's play, but work for which those alone are adapted whose sinews have been inured to severe physical exertion, quarrymen, stonemasons, and navvies. Gentlemen of the quill and yard-wand, before committing themselves to the enterprise, had better try a week's toil at home, with those who hack up the streets, and lay down gas-pipes. There are physical annoyances and privations of a trying nature to be calculated upon, with disease, especially ophthalmia and dysentery. In summer, so long as the streams flow, and gold-washing is practicable, millions of flies tease, thousands of mosquitoes sting, clouds of dust choke, the sun frizzles, and the hot winds bake. Attracted by the offal and scraps thrown away around the camping places, the flies are in prodigious swarms and are a perfect pest. The hands must be going like a windmill all day, to keep them off; speaking and taking food are operations well nigh impossible without swallowing several; and hence a green veil over the face, walking, riding, and working, has become part of the digger's costume. For John Bull, all the world over, mosquitoes have a peculiar relish, and every beef-eating member of the family must expect to hear the ominous hum, *where-iz-ee, where-iz-ee, here-e-iz, here-e-iz*, and wince beneath a bite. In fact, a gold-digging scene, as often pictured by the imagination, is altogether different from the reality of life. In the former, we have a lovely valley, with a limpid stream flowing between verdant banks, which it seems a mere matter of refreshment to enter, in order to collect the yellow sands. In the latter, we have a desolate hollow of slaty and quartzose rock, with a strip of dull disturbed water in the centre, to which the operations have given the colour and consistency of pea-soup.

But the human society led by Mammon to these districts, consisting largely of old convicts, bush-rangers, and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's land, addicted to drunkenness, debauchery, and robbery, renders them most undesirable locations. We, therefore, earnestly advise emigrants to look to stations which have been vacated by the old hands of the colonies, in order to go to the mines; to prefer the receipt of regular good wages, with the retention of domestic habits, to the produce of a wild mode of life, which, however great collectively, may be next to nothing to the individual; and to arm their minds with the maxim of holy writ, verified by the experience of all ages:—"They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." It is far better to march gradually, yet surely, to competence in the paths of ordinary industry, than, for a doubtful result, to encounter the moral contaminations of the Australian gold-fields, sharing the sense of insecurity at present incident to them, and surrendering the comforts of civilised life.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS.*

At a meeting of the most influential of the insect tribes, it was proposed to open a grand Exhibition for the works of all classes. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Spinner, the spider; and Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue bottle, and Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, having each in an eloquent speech supported the motion, it was agreed to unanimously, every insect present promising to furnish its portion in aid of the great design.

The next point to be discussed was the place most suitable for the exhibition. This gave rise to much agitation. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, wanted to erect an edifice of wax, with a distinct cell for each exhibitor; but he was opposed by Mr. Snooze, the drone, on the grounds that it would take a lifetime to accomplish the undertaking, besides requiring too much labour to please the class to which he belonged. Mr. Busy, the ant, suggested the formation of a subterranean excavation, which he said would be a plan attended with much advantage, as by it the parties could be protected from the heat of the sun and the influence of the atmosphere. This idea was received with great satisfaction by Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, and he obligingly offered his services in constructing galleries and apartments of superior size, remarking that Mr. Busy could assist in the formation of the small passages, and in the removal of the rubbish. Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue bottle, strenuously opposed this scheme, wisely observing that, although his friends Messrs. Burrow and Busy might feel quite at home under-ground, yet he, and the class he represented, would be decidedly out of their element! If he might be allowed to make a proposition, he would say, occupy a portion of the superb Azure Palace, already in existence, and which was erected before any of the assembled party were called into being. This speech was greatly applauded, and Sir Harry Highflier, the emperor butterfly, saying he was well acquainted with a situation every way fit for the purpose, the proposal was agreed to without any more discussion.

As soon as the arrangements for occupying the area selected by Sir Harry Highflier were completed, each exhibitor was requested to forward his contributions to the care of Messrs. Sweet and Busy, who undertook to classify the articles, apportioning to each its allotted space.

In the locomotive department were some curious stilts, sent by the firm of Stride and Stumble, of the crane flies; also some apparatus for facilitating the game of leap-frog, by Messrs. Hop and Go-forward, of the grasshoppers. Mr. Airy, the gossamer spider, contributed a novel kind of jaunting car, formed of minute threads rolled together, and extremely buoyant, on which the luxurious possessor could float in the atmosphere, and glide joyously over the meadows and downs in the bright sunshine.

In the next compartment were the various contrivances used for habitations and shelter among the insect tribes. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, sent a magnificent palace of wax, separated into

* We trust this lively article will lead many of our young readers to make themselves acquainted with the wonders of Insect Life.

many divisions, with royal cells, fit for a queen; others of smaller dimensions suited to the wants of royal consorts; and some still less, for the accommodation of the majority of her majesty's loyal subjects; also a proper number of apartments in which the supplies of bread and honey could be retained till required for use. Cosy and Snug, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, exhibited many tents of different shapes and various sizes, capable of withstanding the inclemency of the weather, and formed of the leaves of the hazel, oak, lilac, and nettle. Mr. Spoiler, the clothes' moth, forwarded a fine specimen of his handiwork, made from the best coat of a miser. Mr. Spinner, the spider, contributed a nest, beautifully soft and conveniently large, which, by being placed in the corner of a high cornice, had for three weeks escaped the vigilance of the housemaid. Sir Harry Highflier, the emperor butterfly, sent the flask-shaped dormitory occupied by himself whilst in a state of quiescence. Messrs. Testy and Sting, of the wasp family, forwarded a domicile of large dimensions, in which were several stories, varying in size, supported one on another by pillars and suspended to the roof by one of unusual strength; these were inclosed in a globular covering, displaying great skill and ingenuity in the execution. They also furnished some of the raw material, consisting of the stump of an old apple-tree, and a specimen of the powerful pincers used to cut it up and by mastication prepare it for use. Mr. Soft, the silkworm, contributed a habitation formed of bright yellow silk, beautifully smooth, impervious to draught, and in which he proposed to doze away no inconsiderable portion of his existence. Mr. Twine, the caddis fly, exhibited a very picturesque aquatic grotto, made of small stones and tiny shells, fastened together by silken cords.

The compartment in which the greatest ingenuity and skill were developed, and which excited the keenest emulation amongst the exhibitors, was that devoted to the abodes of the rising generation. This also attracted the attention of all the matronly frequenters of the exhibition. Amongst the most noticeable of these structures was the section of a subterranean cave-like nest, with part of the entrance passage, forwarded by the helpmate of Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket. Mrs. Tidy, the upholsterer bee, exhibited a model nursery; in shape it resembled a Florence flask, and the interior being made perfectly smooth, was lined with a brilliant scarlet drapery procured from the flowers of the field poppy. In this luxurious abode was room for a sufficient quantity of honey and pollen to nourish Mr. Tidy's young heir. Mrs. Hum, the gnat, sent a cluster of eggs, formed with great care and skill, in the shape of a boat, and equally buoyant, each egg being placed with the aperture downwards, to enable its occupant to quit it with ease, and enter at once into the liquid element it was to inhabit during the two first stages of its existence. Mrs. Hum also exhibited some ingenious apparatus for securing the amount of atmospheric air required to sustain life whilst under water. These contrivances varied much in detail, being at one period attached to the tail of the insect; at another, to the head. Mr. Bright, the lantern fly, contributed a beautiful specimen of natural light in the form of a lantern, which was exhibited with almost magical

effect. Mrs. Spangle, the glow-worm, forwarded a lamp which, being placed of a calm summer's evening on a mossy bank, would prove an object of great attraction to any idler in the vicinity.

Messrs. Sparkle and Sprack, the fireflies, exhibited a design for an illumination taken from the tropical forests, and composed of a number of fireflies sporting in and out between the luxuriant foliage of their native woods. Messrs. Chirrup and Hop, of the cricket family, contributed some musical instruments of curious construction, and capable of emitting a sound peculiar to the genus of which it is a distinguishing mark. Her majesty, the reigning queen of the bee tribe, exhibited the silvery pipe which conferred on her the power of quelling the most uproarious proceedings of her generally quiet and orderly subjects. Mr. Cheatum, the ant-lion, forwarded a pitfall, constructed with great labour and skill, in the form of a circular cone, and in which, by adopting the principle of the sliding scale, he proposed securing enough prey to satisfy his appetite. Catchum & Co., of the geometric spiders, contributed a beautiful net, composed of threads radiating from the centre, and crossed at regular intervals by circular lines of the same materials. In this elaborately worked trap the wily possessor would entangle the unwary insect which, being deceived by its brilliancy on a dewy morning, and wishing to take advantage of the reflective properties of the numerous gems with which it was radiant to aid him in bedecking himself, advanced too near its treacherous precincts and became irrecoverably entangled in its meshes.

Many other contributions were well worthy of notice, but the limit of the present paper prevents our particularizing them.

THE POLICE FISH OF THE OCEAN.

THE shipworm, or teredo, says a writer in one of our quarterly reviews, is a bivalve shellfish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have resolved to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shellfish, is a prodigious one; for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the teredo has unceasingly endeavoured, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the objects of its attacks; for many a goodly landing-pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavour to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments. The shipworm is the only mollusc that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectually. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by God to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbours might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbours by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak

offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the under-water portion of woodwork in dock-yards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most molluscs, the teredo, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently is enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissor woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the teredo.

By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet in length; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner, it avoids any interference with its fellow shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusc. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a lime-walled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists. There are many shellfish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an auger and a solvent. Many sea-snails as well as bivalve shellfish have the power to perforate solid substances; and some of the predaceous kind exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shellfish, by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juice of their bodies, by means of long soft extensible trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the silicious teeth which stud their long ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscopic teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes; so constant indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced) probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than 150 or more bands of denticles, 12 in each row; so that in all it may possess nearly 2000 teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the sub-

stance of the seaweed on which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs as many as 20,000 teeth may be counted. Wonderful indeed is this complication of minute organisms!

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both; for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber that would choke harbours and clog the waves permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result, would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shellfish is one of the police of the ocean; a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, one hundred are really saved; and whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturous mariners doomed to watery graves.

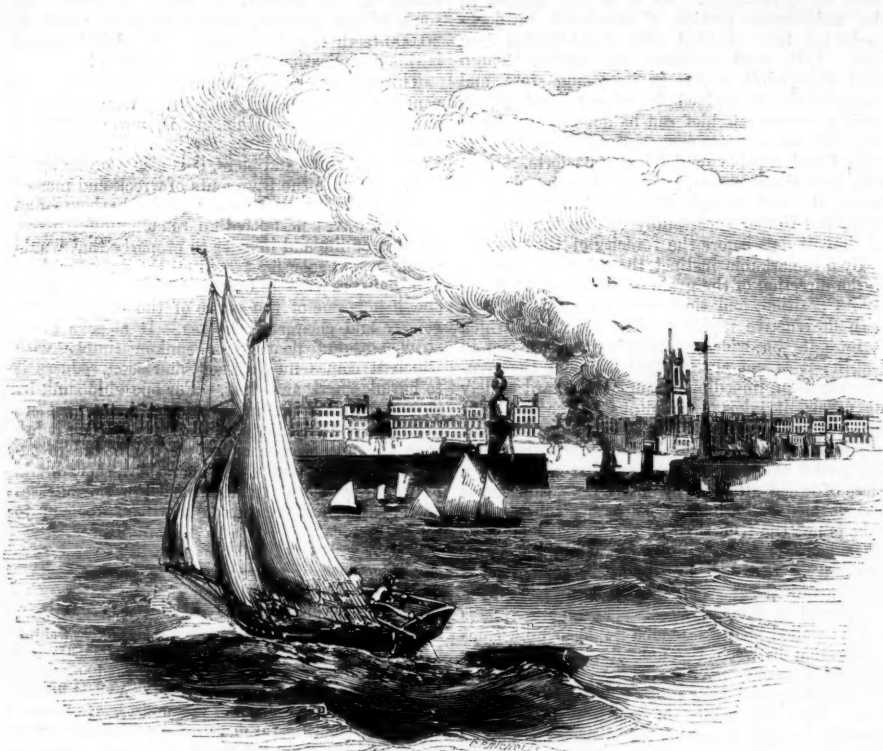
THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.—The weakness and folly of childhood, the vanity and vices of youth, the bustle and care of middle life, and the infirmities of old age (if we live to be old), what do they leave us? A short life, indeed. Yet, man has a soul of vast desires. He is capable of much, and aims at more. Many things he cannot attain, and many are not worth the pains. Oh, it is a pity that he should not know how to choose the good, and refuse the evil! how to make the most and best of so short a life.

ALIENATION FROM GOD.—There is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read the book of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God, while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker. In infancy, in youth, in middle life, in old age, a constant succession of vanities courts his attention, and he seldom, perhaps never, thinks of beholding Christ till he dies and appears before his awful tribunal.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

FORGIVENESS.—The pardon of sin has been justly called "the life-blood of religion." It is this which runs through all parts of the scripture, like the blood in our veins, and is the foremost object in the glorious gospel. No man is happy in religion till he has reason to conclude that his sins are pardoned. Gratitude for this blessing is the grand incentive to holy obedience, and triumph on account of it forms a principal part of the bliss of glorified saints. How worthy, then, is this subject of our most serious regard! How unspeakably desirable to be able to say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."



APPROACH TO RAMSGATE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR.

A DAY OR TWO AT RAMSGATE.

RAMSGATE has no claims to be considered a place of much historical interest. It has been conjectured, from the remains of some old pile-work, that it stands upon the site of an ancient Roman port; there is, however, no proof of the truth of this conjecture beyond that supplied by the occasional discovery of a few Roman coins, mutilated skeletons, and antique weapons—relics which, considering the frequency of their occurrence elsewhere, constitute but a slender title to the notice of the antiquarian. Whatever it may once have been—and its Roman history, if it ever had any to boast of, is now lost beyond recovery—we know that so late as the reign of queen Elizabeth, it was but a mean and obscure fishing-village, containing in the year 1565 but twenty-five houses and fourteen boats. From its convenient situation for continental commerce, and from other local advantages, it gradually rose into notice; and from the facilities it presented for sea-bathing, it began, as early as the latter part of the last century, to be frequented by invalids and valetudinarians, and has been ever since increasing in repute as a watering-place. The completion of the royal harbour may be regarded as the cause of its nautical prosperity. From the absence of any efficient shelter in the neighbouring port of Dover, a vast number of vessels coming up channel in tempestuous weather, make for the

harbour of Ramsgate, where, during the prevalence of heavy gales, as many as two or three hundred sail may be seen lying in safety together. Before the new harbour was built—now nearly sixty years ago—twenty or thirty vessels were as many as could find shelter. The demand for increased space was constantly urged upon the government by the continued wrecks occurring upon the Goodwin Sands, which are in the immediate vicinity, and the new harbour, inclosing an area of forty-six acres, was projected, and was so far completed by 1795, as to serve as a refuge in that year for three hundred vessels at once. It presents to the view one of the finest marine bulwarks in the world. The masonry is mainly of Purbeck and Portland stone, and the pavements of fine granite. The entire length of the east pier, upon which stands the handsome lighthouse, is nearly 3000 feet; and that of the west pier 1500 feet; both presenting noble promenades of twenty-five feet in width. The cost of these works, including that of the floodgates, the jetty, the engine-house, and the lighthouse, etc., must have been immense; and it is met by tonnage dues levied on all vessels passing through the Downs, *whether or not they enter the harbour.*

The town is delightfully situated in a natural opening between the cliffs, and rises in a gradual ascent from the seashore to the high lands in the rear. It is gay and splendid with handsome shops and lofty and regular piles of buildings, and pos-

sesses a neat and convenient market, a substantial town-hall, a spacious music-hall for assemblies, concerts, and lectures, and many well-furnished libraries for the accommodation of visitors. The town is further adorned with many commodious churches, among which the beautiful structure of St. George, which will accommodate 2000 persons, and more than one half of the sittings of which are free, is by far the most conspicuous, as it is the most elegant. This structure is in the florid Gothic style, and was erected at the cost of 28,000*l.* from a design by Mr. Helmsley, who did not live to witness its completion. The tower, itself a light and graceful pile, is surrounded by an octagonal lantern of considerable height, which imparts a delightful airiness to the whole edifice, and rivets the attention of the stranger from any point of view. The chief attraction of Ramsgate, however, to modern visitants is one which it owes to nature, and will be found in the soft shelving sandy shore, where the luxury of sea-bathing may be enjoyed perhaps in greater perfection than on any other part of the coast.

At the present day, Ramsgate may be regarded as one of the lungs of London, and something more—its favourite bathing-machine. No sooner does the thermometer mount up to seventy or eighty degrees, than, following an instinct which a humorous writer compares to that of the West India landerabs, which migrate annually towards the sea, the ladies of London—of well-to-do middle-class London especially—begin to beguile their lords into compliance with the yearly demand for an excursion to the sea-side. Ramsgate presents one of the most convenient and tempting facilities for the trip, and to Ramsgate, accordingly, thousands of them depart. So regular, certain, and undeviating is this annual influx of strangers, that tens of thousands of capital are invested in supplying the means of conveyance to and fro, and tens of thousands more in furnishing the indispensable accommodation of necessaries and luxuries to the swarms of daily arrivals all the summer long. Hotels and inns of every grade abound in all quarters, and a thousand lodging-houses throw open their doors to welcome the wanderer—for a consideration. If lodgings are dear, it is more from necessity than extortion that they are so, as they are empty six months in the year, and the profits of the remaining six must pay for the twelve. Hotel charges, it will be found, are as reasonable as elsewhere, and the viands fully as good.

Resolving to pay a visit to this favourite spot, and to bathe our toil-worn frame, as we had often done before, in the clear waters that lave the soft and pleasant sands under the eastern cliff—we stepped the other day from the Blackwall pier on board the 'Royal William,' and steaming gallantly past the well-known scenery on the river, and touching at Margate to disembark a third of our passengers, entered the harbour of Ramsgate, about five in the afternoon. As we rounded the noble pier, the vessel was hailed by a chorus of laughing and joyous recognitions from a crowd of delighted and anxious faces clustered above the landing-place. It being Saturday, our boat was thronged with expected husbands and papas; and loud and merry were the greetings wafted on board from infantine voices, while the nodding of bonnets and the

waving of white handkerchiefs betokened the more tranquil satisfaction of the smiling better halves.

The arrival of the steam-boat from London is one of the daily lions of Ramsgate, and there is always a goodly number of spectators to witness the disembarkation. Order is, however, maintained by the police, and a free passage for the new arrivals. Threading our way through the throng, we soon deposit ourselves and our carpet-bag at the Castle-hotel, opposite the pier gates, where in a few minutes dinner makes its welcome appearance. Having discussed this at leisure, and sat awhile in obedience to the monition of the old proverb, we strolled forth, intending a saunter on the noble pier; but just as we reached the street, the strains of delicious music broke languidly upon the ear, and following the direction of the sound, we found ourself, with hundreds more, promenading the sward on the West Cliff, and regaling our ears with the delightful performance of a band of German musicians. Very gentlemanly and well-dressed fellows they appeared to be—all, to the number of some eight or ten, seated comfortably round a table, with their music books before them, and breathing forth from their brazen tubes the very soul of harmony, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," and in exquisite keeping with the hour and the scene. The rich melody now swelled to a glorious volume of ravishing sound—now "died into an echo" scarcely audible amidst the subdued dash of the lazy surge upon the rocks a hundred feet below. The almost level sun projected the shadow of the cliff and the tall houses upon it, forward for a full mile into the sea; far out in the distance the white sails glimmered redly, rejoicing in his beams; and away beyond all, on the very verge of the horizon, the white cliffs of France, struck by his departing rays, stood out distinctly visible. We had no wish to wander further; but sitting down upon a bench, drunk in the witchery of sight and sound. Anon the band simultaneously dropped their instruments from their lips, and burst out into a rapid, wild, and hilarious chorus of voices, varied with shouting, laughter, and passages of masterly harmony. Again a farewell strain from trumpet, horn, and ophicleide; and then, amidst the shadows of twilight, the band broke up, the company dispersed, and we strolled down to the sands to hear what the billows were talking about, as in long and regular swell they broke upon the beach.

A penny for your chair upon the sand, and you may sit in it as long as you like. We got as close to the sea as King Canute did, but with more reason, as the tide was going out—and we heard all that the billows had to say; and a long and wonderful story they told us, which we are not going to record just now, though the world would be all the wiser for knowing it. It was cut short, however, by a sudden breeze, which scattered the sea-clouds overhead, and let the moon out of her hiding-place; and immediately there was an undulating pathway of silver light stretching from the surge at our feet right across the broad bosom of the sea, and leading to a region where fancy alone can penetrate. Then we rose and walked along the sands; and ever as we walked, that bright pathway went along with us, and sprinkled our footsteps with its diamond spray; and we thought it was a

brilliant and glorious symbol of the pathway to happiness and to heaven, which is ever at the wanderer's feet, turn him which way soever he will, enticing him to walk in it. But a red and fiery spark suddenly gleamed over the dark waters on the right; we had forgotten to look for it, but recognised it at once as the Goodwin Light—the friendly beacon that warns the storm-driven mariner to shun the treacherous shoals that lie in wait for him upon his homeward track. So, with an actual warning before our eyes, and a fancied invitation at our feet, and pondering whether there might not be some connexion between the two, we returned to our hotel, and shortly after to our comfortable pillow, in No. 9, overlooking the harbour.

After breakfast next morning, before the bells begin pealing for church, we turn our face once more towards the West Cliff, and traversing its whole length, proceed along the road leading to the old-fashioned village of St. Lawrence, to attend the forenoon service in the interesting old Saxon church. The square tower is evidently of very ancient date; but it is in too good a condition to escape the suspicion of having undergone very extensive repairs, at a period not very remote. The interior of the church is of the most primitive simplicity. Several ancient monuments in the chancel attest the antiquity of the building which contains them; and the huge, massive, and time-worn pillars which support the roof, and the worm-eaten, high-fenced, and uncomfortable pews—in one of which we had a rough ten-inch plank to sit upon—show that the march of modern innovation and modern luxury has steered clear of this venerable pile. Happily the discourse we heard was as simple, plain, and free from ornament as the building we were in, and thus both were in strict character with the simple wants of the retired and quiet village.

It is pleasant to remark that the authorities of Ramsgate, in some degree at least, discountenance the violation of the sabbath. Carriages for hire are not allowed to ply in the town or upon the beach on Sunday, and there is at present no Sunday boat from London. There is ample church and chapel accommodation, and the utmost courtesy is shown to strangers in all places of worship. We observed that most of these were well attended, so far at least as we could judge from the streams of worshippers returning from the evening service. The majority of visitors, however, we fear, prefer the seashore to the sermon.

On Monday we rose early; not actually with the lark, who having neither to dress nor to shave, but simply to withdraw his head from under his wing, shake the dew from his brown pinions, and turn out at once, has decidedly the advantage of us elderly gentlemen in the matter of early rising;—but yet early enough to hear his matin song, as it was warbled over-head above the tall masts of the vessels, sleeping upon their shadows in the harbour. We were intent upon a swim, and made for the beach to get upon the backs of the billows, those foaming steeds of which we are an expert rider, and have been from the days of childhood. The bather is assailed, as soon as he comes in sight of the machines, by the agents of the several proprietors, who crowd around him soliciting his patronage. A lanky and sandy-coloured son of the

sea puts into our hands a flowing sheet of paper, containing two columns of verse by a spirited bard of the beach, who rejoices in the alliterative cognomen of P. Pearce, Poet, Proprietor; and whose Ps, to all appearance, yield him a good crop, if one is to judge by the number of bathing machines under his control.

"Clear, charming, transparent, lovely is the deep,
When high winds and roaring waves hushed are in sleep,"

sings the poetical proprietor of the bathing machines, whose Pegasus is a lean and patient hack, which draws them into and out of the water, and whose Helicon is the briny flood. This enterprising genius is a most voluminous author; his numerous effusions feed the steam-press of London, and no doubt spread his reputation far and wide among the frequenters of the coast. We purchased his "Tragedy of the Battle of Waterloo," a poem in heroic rhymes of between four and five thousand lines, which he assured us we should find very interesting, and which is adorned with his own portrait, and an engraving of the battle—all for the modest charge of sixpence. His poetical handbill contains, besides the terms for bathing, a catalogue of his works, for which we have not room in our columns.

Having breasted the billows, and tumbled about among the soft sands, which are as grateful to the naked feet as a drawing-room carpet, the demands of a suddenly-awakened appetite sent us back to the breakfast table, where we did execution upon the cold meats and fragrant coffee, in a style that would not have disgraced a Highlander. Then at ten o'clock we had to despatch a couple of friends by steamer to London. Husbands and papas must return to the business purlieus of the Bank and the Exchange, and there was a rapid rush of carpet bags to the decks of the 'Royal William,' as she lay off the landing-place, puffing and snorting as though eager to be paddling her way back again to London. As the clock strikes ten, the warning bell clamours forth its alarm—a few hasty kisses and adieus—the laggards rush on board—the voice of the captain is heard, "Let go! Turn ahead! Go on!"—and the buoyant vessel shoots her huge length between the piers, and in a moment more is careering onwards like a comet of the waters, with a long tail of foam in her rear. A thousand eyes are rivetted on the gallant vessel as she spreads a sail to the favouring breeze, which blows refreshingly in shore; but already she grows dim in the distance; papa's travelling wide-a-wake and aunty's blue bonnet are no longer visible on the deck; then a long line of black smoke is all that remains to view, and that, too, soon disappearing behind the foreland, the watchers turn away from a momentary regret to the enjoyment of the pleasures around them.

Now who is for a morning sail in a trim and handsome yacht, manned with a skilful and merry crew, who, for the trifling charge of a shilling, will carry you this fine breezy morning as far as the Goodwin Sands, upon which you may land if you like, and bring you back in time for an early dinner? This is a trip which we have enjoyed before to-day; and of all the modes of spending a shilling at Ramsgate, it is, in our estimation at least, decidedly the most advantageous and eco-

nomical, especially on a morning like this, when a lively breeze is blowing. It is always a merry party, and generally enlivened by the presence of ladies who are good sailors, who have nerve enough to laugh at the dashing spray, or an impudent wave that presumes to throw his white cap on board. We cannot go ourselves, being bound in a different direction, but we are glad to see a goodly company gathering on the clean white deck, the ladies well provided with shawls and wrappers, in case of a scud of rain; and the gentlemen, with caps strapped under the chin as a safeguard against the wind. Now the first yacht is off, and a second glides into her place. Several will sail this morning, and perhaps test each other's sailing qualities in the offing, to add the harmless excitement of a contest to the pleasures of a sail. Much good may it do them! as we are very sure it will.

Here we are again upon the sands. It is past eleven o'clock, and the after-breakfast bathing is at its height. What a scene of bustle and sloppy confusion it appears! and what a strange medley of characters it presents to the eye! Every chair that can be hired, and every lump of chalk or jutting stone that can be used for a seat, is filled by an occupant. Every bathing-machine has a tenant; and all jammed in solid phalanx as close as they can be crammed together, they are immersed up to their axles in the water. The deafening noise of the surge, dashing among the wheels, mingles with the outcries of the bare-legged tritons in attendance, and the kicking and plunging of the miserable hacks that draw the marine chariots in and out of the brine. Salt-water naiads, baked by the suns of fifty summers to the colour of a crusty rye loaf, and loaded with towels wet or dry, are diving up and down among the crowd. Groups of young ladies and anxious mammas clad in light cool summer drapery, their delicate town-nurtured complexions carefully embowered beneath the sky-blue "uglies," stand patiently waiting the exit from the bath of some sister, friend, or relative. There is a dim vision of brown-cloaked guides, and terrified and gasping juvenile faces, indistinctly seen through the splashing foam and the grill of wheel-spokes; and there is a plentiful attendance of loungers and loiterers, who, having nothing else to do, are enjoying the animation of the scene, and laughing heartily at the spectacle before them. Itinerant merchants ply among the throng, hawking books and pamphlets, coloured seaweeds and seashells, toys and spades of wood for children, and sand-shoes for ladies' feet. Here and there an old gentleman, reclining lazily in his chair, cons the yesterday's "Times," insensible to the bustle around him; or a romantic young lady, immersed in the interest of some silly novel, recalls the time of tilts and tournaments, herself the heroine of the imaginary drama.

We leave this busy and amusing scene in the height of its attraction; and mounting the Augusta Stairs, ascend to the summit of the East Cliff. Thence a walk of less than half an hour, brings us to East Cliff Lodge, the summer residence of Sir Moses Montefiore. This elegant marine villa is situated on a commanding eminence not far from the edge of the cliff; and it boasts a series of subterranean galleries, excavated in the body of

the chalky rock, well lighted by spacious openings towards the sea, carpeted with turf, and adorned with shrubs and flowers. Through these galleries there is a descent to a substantial timber jetty running out upon the beach and into the sea at high water. Leaving this mansion in our rear, we proceed onwards upon the edge of the cliff towards Broadstairs, inhaling the cool sea-breeze, which makes tolerable the now almost vertical rays of the sun. We are struck with the remarkable fertility of the soil and the abundance of the crops, which, within a few feet of the very verge of the precipice, stand thick and strong as the farmer could wish to see them. Wheat, barley, oats, lucerne, vetches—all seem to thrive alike, and to promise a rich harvest to the cultivators. There is one drawback, however, and that of a kind which we have never seen existing to the same extent elsewhere; this drawback is seen in the shape of snails—small white fragile beings scarcely averaging the size of a pea, which crumble beneath the touch, but which swarm in such countless myriads as to suggest the idea of a plague like that of the locusts of Egypt. For the space of about one half-mile especially, we noticed that every blade of grass or sprig of lucerne, was surmounted by one or more of the diminutive creatures which had climbed to its highest point; they were most plentiful near the sea, where it was impossible to tread without crushing numbers at every step, and the ground they occupied formed a belt of about 200 feet in depth. Their numbers must have amounted to hundreds of millions. We questioned a solitary agriculturist, whom we met, upon the subject. He bitterly bemoaned their abundance, and assured us that the cattle invariably refused the food with which they were mingled, dropping it from their mouths half-eaten; a statement to which we could afford more credence than we allotted to his assertion, that they were rained from the clouds during the long prevalence of the late east winds!

We found Broadstairs altogether a different place from Ramsgate, independently of its limited size. Crossing a wooden bridge over a deep ravine, and seating ourselves upon a little hillock upon the right, we got a complete view of this quiet little bathing-box, with its terrace of genteel houses fronting the tiny bay, flanked by a miniature wooden pier, a couple of bathing machines, and a single boat lying high and dry upon the sand. There sat the model watering-place, fast asleep in the mid-day sunlight. Not a single figure gave motion to the spectacle, which showed "like a painted town upon a painted ocean." Not a sound rose into the air, save the everlasting song of the sea, which has been chanting its varying chorus for the last six thousand years without an instant's pause, and which was answered by the warblings of the full-throated lark in the sky. Soon, however, we heard the prattle of children upon the sands beneath, and then the discordant "crow" of a peacock on the green sward of a garden below the cliffs. Then we became aware of a solitary shrimp, up to his middle in the waters of the bay, and pursuing his voiceless trade amid the gurgle of the waves. Then a party of ladies and gentlemen emerged upon the terrace fronting the sea—a coach drove up, from which a passenger alighted, and the delusion of the painted town

vanished. Broadstairs is a place of some antiquity, of which a few visible relics yet remain; among these York Gate is the most conspicuous, which is said to have been built to defend the inhabitants against the attacks of privateers in time of war. It has been lately restored, and is the most picturesque object in the little town.

It is here that the quiet, the studious, and the aged valetudinarian find the tranquil seclusion that they desiderate; and Broadstairs, it need hardly be observed, is the resort of a totally different class of visitors from those who annually frequent the neighbouring towns of Ramsgate and Margate. It is comprised in the parish of St. Peter, which lies about a mile distant, and two miles from Margate; but Broadstairs has a church of its own, a handsome Gothic building of flint, erected in 1829, and capable of containing 1000 persons. In the parish church of St. Peter there is a monument to the father of the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan; and near the main entrance lies buried a person of very different repute, the famous Richard Joy, long known as the Kentish Samson, who could lift a ton weight, and who once broke a rope that would bear thirty-five hundreds weight. He was drowned in 1734.

There is an indescribable charm about Broadstairs and its tranquil neighbourhood, which, circumscribed as it is, wears the aspect of quiet and dignified gentility. There is an elegant villa on the road leading to St. Peter's, occupied by Sir Norton Knatchbull, which, in days gone by, was frequently the residence of the Duchess of Kent and her present majesty when a child. The remembrance of royalty still lingers around the spot, which seems to breathe an aristocratic exclusive air, and to rejoice in its freedom from the patronage of the *pro-fanum vulgus*. All that the sea-bather can require will be found in this little place, and a great deal more than he might expect to meet with. It has excellent hotels, warm baths, and well-furnished libraries, with reading and assembly rooms.

We preferred remaining here until the excessive heat of the day was somewhat modified; and having lounged upon the shaded pier and lunched at leisure, we set out late in the afternoon to return to Ramsgate by way of the beach (the tide being low) and under the shadow of the cliffs. A most delightful walk we found it, presenting at every turn a new study for the pencil of the artist—in the deep caverns worn by the action of the waves, on the one hand, and in the ever-changing hues of the broad and billowy sea sparkling in the sun or flecked with cloud shadows, on the other. We had not proceeded far when we came upon a shrimp in the pursuit of his avocation. He was a veritable son of the sea-sands, with straw-coloured hair nearly covering his whole face, and sun-tanned skin, and clad in indescribable vestments, which hung about him like sea-weed upon a wreck. His lower extremities, naked to the thigh, had undergone twenty years' pickling in the brine. Upon his back he bore an old hamper of half-bushel capacity, in which, every time he lifted his net, he deposited the proceeds of his fishing. He had chosen a level run of the sand, about a quarter of a mile in length, upon which he marched backwards and forwards, driving his broad net, slightly inclined to meet the advancing waves, before him

so as to skim the level bottom. We walked in to meet him as he advanced, and inquired what success. He lifted his net, and showed about a quarter of a pint of sandy-coloured shrimps hopping about within it; then opening his basket, he pointed to a fine crab which he had pulled from beneath a rock with an iron hook which he carried for the purpose. He had been at work all day, and had caught about three quarts of shrimps besides the crab, and considered that he had done tolerably well. It often happened, he said, that he toiled the whole day for less than half that quantity, while at other times he could fill his basket in a few hours.

We loitered so long beneath the cool shadow of the rocks, that by the time we reached Ramsgate, the German band had commenced operations overhead, upon the East Cliff, which overlooks the bathing sands. They perform on the east and west cliffs on alternate nights; and wherever their agreeable notes are heard, there is the favourite promenade of the evening. We were soon seated within hearing, and while listening to the music, made acquaintance with a party of anglers, who had just returned from a day's fishing in the neighbouring bay. This is a favourite sport with not a few of the male visitors, who, engaging a boat, together with its owner and the necessary baits and tackle, proceed out a mile or two from shore, and spend the live-long hours in sea angling. Our new friends had caught six or seven score of whiting between them, and had no sooner lugged them on shore than they made the discovery that they had no use for them, being, like us, strangers in the place. One proposed a sale by Dutch auction; but as neither chose to commence auctioneer for the occasion, the difficulty was at length solved by giving the whole catch, together with the basket that contained them, to a poor woman who passed that way, and who, though grateful for the gift, did not appear at all surprised at it.

The next day—the last day of our stay at Ramsgate—found us, shortly after the morning's bath and breakfast, on the dusty road to Pegwell Bay, which lies about a mile to the east of the town. This is a most picturesque little village, and it is quite a pet with the lovers of the romantic and the amateurs of art. It has been drawn and painted from all points by artists of every degree, and it consists of a small assemblage of irregularly shaped houses standing upon the edge of the rock. Pegwell is famous for the size and flavour of its shrimps, which are here caught, and devoured too, in enormous quantities. It abounds in tea-gardens and places of refreshment, and is visited almost nightly, all the summer long, by social and pic-nic parties, comprising as well the lovers of sentiment as the lovers of shrimps, who can here enjoy both to perfection, amidst the charms of rural and marine scenery, and the lavish odours of roses and garden flowers growing in profusion in the pleasure-grounds.

Beyond Pegwell, by the seashore, the scenery is of a bolder character; and the walk hence to Minster, partly by the coast and partly through fields and lanes, is one of the most agreeable and varied in the island. We arrived at Minster about noon. This interesting place was once the metropolis of Thanet. An abbey was founded here as early as the latter

part of the seventh century; part of the building is yet standing, and has been converted into a granary. The church is a very primitive and antique structure; it has three aisles, and in the choir are eighteen collegiate stalls. During the summer, visitors flock to Minster from both Ramsgate and Margate. Excellent accommodation awaits them at the inns and tea-gardens, which latter are laid out with much taste, and adorned with noble trees and shady walks. Happily for the weary pedestrian, there is a railway-station near to the old church of Minster, and he has thus the convenience of returning to his starting-point in a very brief space of time. After an hour's stroll in the vicinity of the ancient capital, we availed ourselves of it, and, returning to our quarters at the Castle-hotel, set about packing our carpet bag, preparatory to bidding farewell for a time to the soft sea sands and the sunny smiling faces which, to our notions, are the most agreeable associations connected with the town of Ramsgate.

In the afternoon, finding no other conveyance was to be had, we took the train for Deal, where we found a coach, one of the almost extinct two-horse stages, waiting to convey us to Dover, from whence it is probable that the reader may hear of us again.

* * The next number will contain a sketch of DOVER, accompanied by an appropriate engraving.

THE ARTILLERY DOG OF BREST.

LONG before fame had published the prodigies of Manito, and history recorded the great deeds of quadrupeds of his kind, there existed at Brest a dog of the spaniel breed; he was patronised by the marine artillerymen, fed on the soldiers' rations, and instructed in all the duties and customs of the barracks. The bombardier, as he was called, had no particular owner; every soldier was his master, and the whole regiment was his adopted father. What cuffs had not his education cost him! But then again, what rewards and caresses were lavished on him for his beauty and utility! for the bombardier was not an idle dog, consuming the food that was freely offered to him in every room, without making any return for it. No, he repaid a hundred-fold in good military services, those kind masters who vied with each other in taking care of his person and supplying his wants.

During exercise, he placed himself in front of the battalion, and followed the movements of the men, manœuvring with his front paws the cane given to him by the sergeant-major. When a company filed off, he placed himself at the head of it; no other dog could presume to share with him the honour of staying at the head of the regiment or beside the colonel; for if he was gentle with his military friends, or, as we may call them, his companions-in-arms, the bombardier was very severe with his equals. In a word, no one could be more exclusive than he was, in every thing connected with his own peculiar privileges, which he was by no means disposed to share with any other animal of his race.

When, on the clock striking twelve at the fine marine quarters, the relieving guard filed off to the sound of the drum, to take up their posts in the

various parts of the vast port of Brest, bombardier took the step, setting off with his left foot, and repaired first to the marine hospital, where the steward never failed to regale him with some good broth and the bones left by the patients. His meal over, our guard dog took a survey of all the posts, joyful to receive a caress at one, a pat at another, and to take a few turns with the sentinel placed at the extremity of the causeway, the last of the numerous stations of the port. In the evening, it was quite another thing. No sooner had he eaten his barrack supper, than this indefatigable inspector set out on his nightly rounds. It was amusing to see with what benevolent haste the keeper of the iron railing of the rue de la Filarie would partly open a corner of that lofty railing to allow the bombardier to enter the well-guarded post, into which no human being could gain entrance without giving the word of command to the guard, or the pass-word to the sentinel. But he had no word of command to give; his muzzle served him for a passport, and his good intentions were too well known to cause the slightest uneasiness to the men in charge of the arsenal and magazines. The sentinels placed at night in the most solitary parts of the port had the more need of being well looked after, for the least negligence on their part might often have cost them their life, or endangered the general safety.

When, for instance, the galley slaves on a dark night succeed in breaking their irons, those unfortunate creatures endeavour by killing the sentinels to pave for themselves a safe means of escape. Woe, then, to the sentinel who has sought within his box a shelter from the wind or the rain! The liberated slave, armed with an iron peg, nails to his sentry-box the negligent soldier who has been found sleeping upon his post. Often have the officers in going their rounds, discovered the unfortunate men bathed in blood, having been killed by the slaves who had converted iron rings into a sort of sharp scythe. A sentinel knows not what he risks in the distant stations, by wrapping himself up in his great coat, and slumbering in that box, around which so often lurks the determined felon sighing for his liberty.

The old soldiers alone know how to prepare for their reception. When a heavy rain falling around them induces the slaves to make their escape, these wily soldiers crawl about the neighbourhood of their sentry-box; and when the slave thinks to rid himself of a troublesome spy by rushing into the retreat of the sentinel, the latter puts either a ball or a bayonet through his body, and calls the guard. The bombardier took especial care to visit the most dangerous posts, and particularly when any newly-arrived soldiers were placed at them. He could smell a conscript at a league distance. Whenever he discovered a sentinel asleep at his post, he pulled him angrily by his gaiters or his trousers, as if to reproach him for his negligence; when a sentinel had only taken shelter in his box, he compelled him to go out of it, and gave him no peace until he resumed his accustomed walks. If in these nocturnal excursions the dog got scent of a deserting slave, the business of the fugitive was soon settled; the dog ran and gave the alarm at all the posts. His barkings called the guard, and the guard, following the steps of the bombardier,

never failed to make a good capture. A whole body of officers did not cause such a sensation in the port of Brest, as one bark of the bombardier.

When a conscript arrived, the old soldiers would say to him:—"You see that spaniel, don't you? Well, he is the artillery dog; he will awaken you to-night if you fall asleep; and I warn you not to hurt him, for if you do, you will have the whole regiment upon you."

One day—a day of dire calamity—a big Lorraine came in with a set of fine young conscripts, to the barracks. The turn for the new fellow to mount guard arrived, and the caution respecting the dog was forgotten to be given. Night came on, and the big Lorraine was stationed near the cooperage. Bombardier, as usual, commenced his rounds at midnight; the stillness that reigned about the sentry-box of the cooperage surprised him, and he determined to catch the sleeping sentinel and arouse him to his duty. The soldier was, in fact, in a profound sleep, leaning against his sentry-box, and his musket between his knees. At this sight, bombardier growled excessively, and then flying at the conscript, he applied his vigorous teeth with great anger to the lower part of his gaiters. The soldier, who was at first frightened, on becoming aware of the cause of his disturbance, gave the importunate dog a violent kick. Bombardier, unaccustomed to such treatment, grew angry and returned to the charge; the conscript got into a passion, and a regular battle began; the one had nothing but his teeth, the other had his bayonet and his musket, and soon the unfortunate dog fell pierced with wounds from the hand of him whom he had most probably saved from death.

The corporal from the powder-mill came at one in the morning to relieve the sentinel; when near the sentry-box, something impeded his steps—it was the body of a dead dog. A sad presentiment induced the corporal to examine the animal that was lying lifeless close by the sentinel, who was exulting at the time having arrived for his being removed to a warm and secure guard-house.

"It is the bombardier!" exclaimed the corporal, with grief and consternation. "He has been killed! who killed him?"

"It was I," replied the conscript.

"You! you rascal!"

"Oh! but, corporal, it was because he bit me so!"

"You are on duty, and you may be thankful for it! But to-morrow you will be off guard!"

"Undoubtedly, I shall be off guard!"

"Yes, you will come off guard, when the whole regiment shall have passed over your body."

The station having been informed of the melancholy event, hastened to the spot, and the remains of the bombardier, wrapped in a military great coat, were conveyed to the guard-house for the night, when the lamentations and reproaches of the men fell heavily on the unfortunate murderer. The conscript said not a word. At noon the guard was relieved and returned to quarters; the conscript freed himself of his cartouch-box and musket, but the corporal whispered to him to retain his bayonet.

That word was significant.

What followed is but too characteristic of the sanguinary spirit of the French soldiery. They

repaired to the outskirts of the town, and there the avenger of the bombardier forced his slayer to fight, and speedily the conscript paid with his life for his slaughter of the artillery dog. The whole regiment wore mourning for a week in honour of the spaniel.

The memory of the artillery dog still lives in those barracks where, since the death of the bombardier, war and death have often renewed that regiment over whose military duties and interests he had so carefully watched during his whole life. His death, under the circumstances referred to, was deeply to be regretted, but it was too dearly paid for by a crime.

REFRESHMENT AND READING-ROOMS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.*

AMONG the many movements of a practical character in the way of social reform, which are at once the most gratifying and the most hopeful indications of the age, there is one that has lately taken form in Edinburgh, which, we trust, may ere long be productive of real benefit to the labouring classes throughout Scotland.

There is considerable difference of opinion amongst us, whether intemperance in intoxicating liquors has increased or diminished in Scotland, during the last twenty years; but this at least is certain that, whether it be greater or less, it is a vice which has now become absolutely intolerable under the light of the improved moral and Christian feeling pervading the country, and the increased attention which is consequently drawn towards existing evils.

Many remedies for intemperance have been suggested and put in practice, with various degrees of success. All honour be given to societies of every kind, which have for their aim the suppression of this vice. They have been productive of great good; and where based upon sound Christian principles, cannot be too highly commended.

But what we have now to notice will, we think, commend itself to all, both abstainers and non-abstainers, as another move in the right direction. We refer to the establishment of refreshment and reading-rooms for the working classes, where tea and coffee, bread and butter, soup and meat, etc. of the best description, along with newspapers, periodicals, and other reading, are provided at the lowest possible charge; or, in other words, public-houses (*public* in the truest sense of the word) where the public may get their real wants supplied, in place of public-houses where nothing but stimulants are to be had.

Why may a man not have a comfortable cup of coffee or tea in such places, instead of the constant and pernicious dram? 'Why not, truly!' our readers will reply. 'It would be a most excellent and desirable arrangement.' Yet such places, at least of the comfortable and useful character we should desire to see, have never hitherto been provided. There are, indeed, what are called eating-

* We insert this communication in consequence of the valuable suggestions it contains for our working friends in Scotland. In London, although much room for improvement still remains, yet refreshment rooms of the kind described are to a certain extent supplied by the existing coffee-houses.

houses of an inferior character, and with no comfortable accommodation for quiet reading. There are also what are called temperance coffee-houses, which have more the character of hotels, and which are intended for a class somewhat better off than men with from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings a week. But neither of these in the least meet the wants here indicated.

When the workman sallies forth in the morning, perhaps before his own household is astir, how thankful would he often be for a cup of warm coffee, to break the long fast between that time and the breakfast hour! It is well for him if he abstain from the first relief that presents itself, in the shape of a dram at the nearest public-house. Alas, for the ruin that has resulted from this morning dram! But how comes it that there is no one to help him to the coffee? Then when his work lies far from home, so that he cannot conveniently return to dinner, what a comfort to be able to sit down in a respectable refreshment-room, such as we now desire, and get his bowl of soup and bread, with the news of the day, for the small sum of 2d. or 3d.! Or again, in the evening, how many are there who have no clean or comfortable home to go to; and what a blessing would it be to have a quiet room where the young apprentice might improve his mind, by wholesome reading, over a cup of tea, the whole costing one penny; or where the married man may look in for half-an-hour on his way home, just to furnish his mind with the news of the day, or some other instructive matter for the purpose of cheering his domestic circle, by retailing it to them at his own fireside!

All these desirable ends would be obtained by the establishment of refreshment and reading rooms. And we are happy to say that the experiment has been made already, and with most encouraging success. In Dundee three have been in operation for more than a year, and in Edinburgh two are in operation, and others on a larger scale are in course of being established.

The chief requisites, as we find them stated in a circular of the Scottish Association for suppressing Drunkenness, are:—

"1st. To place them in well-frequented thoroughfares, with an attractive exterior and an easy access from the street.

"2nd. To divide the interior into a newsroom, an eating-room (or both in one), an entrance space for selling refreshments across the counter, and a kitchen; the whole to be well furnished.

"3rd. To supply, from an *early hour* in the morning till nine or ten at night, hot tea and coffee, bread and butter, sandwiches, etc.—and at the dinner hour, good soup, broth, and meat, at the lowest charges consistent with a moderate profit, providing also a liberal supply of newspapers and periodicals."

It is by no means necessary, however, that such establishments should be undertaken by an association. It is true that the first outlay is considerable, in fitting up the premises in a comfortable and efficient manner; but we believe we are fully warranted in stating that, with proper attention to the above requisites, and under the control of an able and active manager and his wife, a very good business may be made of it.

It is right to state that, by fitting up a coffee-holder behind the counter, by means of which the coffee is kept in a case of hot water, or hot air, over a few gas jets, coffee or tea at the *proper drinking temperature* can be served out at any moment during the day. And, by the way, it would be well if, at our railway stations, they would adopt the same admirable method, instead of scalding the mouths of the poor passengers, and then charging them for what they must often leave behind them in their haste!

At the commencement of this article, we expressed a hope that this movement would extend itself, and we now ask the working classes to help it forward. Here is no direct attack upon any class, no legislative interference, no coercion, no spurious philanthropy, but a plain, business-like way of meeting a gigantic evil. We should of course look to its first benefiting the sober and industrious men and lads in each trade, whose number we are thankful to know is by no means small; but we should also hope that others may be led by example to exchange the dram for the cup of coffee. Whilst we can scarcely find language strong enough in which to condemn the vice of drunkenness, we desire to speak with all kindness of its unhappy victim; and surely the plan of these refreshment-rooms is kind treatment for him. By a careful and provident use of money in the purchase of cheap and nourishing food, may it not be that much of the craving for stimulants produced by low and bad diet will be removed? May it not be that, when the vacant mind has been filled with fresh and vigorous thoughts, the desire for sensual gratification, which we possess in common with the lower animals, will abate, and be brought under subjection? Or, lastly, may it not be that the false love or friendship which leads two boon companions to ruin one another in a whisky shop, will be diverted into the healthier channel of manly friendship, and thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others? We do at least earnestly pray that this movement may be so far honoured by the Divine blessing as to be taken into the service of the gospel, in however humble a capacity.

LORD ERSKINE'S OBLIGATIONS TO HIS ELDER BROTHER.—The Earl of Buchan considered himself quite superior in genius to his younger brothers, and he was rather shocked that they had got on in the world by following a trade. Yet at times he would boast of their elevation, taking all the credit of it to himself. He said to an English nobleman who visited him at Dryburgh, "My brothers, Harry and Tom, are certainly extraordinary men; but they owe everything to me." This observation occasioning an involuntary look of surprise in his guest, he continued, "Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death, they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin, by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing; and they have both thriven ever since—*owing everything to me.*"—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

Poetry of the Sea.

ITS HOARDED TREASURES.

Endless, ever-sounding sea,
Image of eternity!
Troubled, with unconscious breast,
Like the dead without their rest;
Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
Heard at once on every shore,
Stretching on from pole to pole,
Far as suns and seasons roll,
Far as reign of night and day—
Sounding on, away, away.

Oh! what precious things there be
Shrined and sepulchred in thee!
Gems and gold, from every eye,
Hid within thy bosom lie:
Many a treasure-laden bark
Rests within thy caverns dark;
And where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose:
Giant secrets of thy breast,
With their thousand isles of rest—
With their brave and beauteous forms,
Undisturb'd beneath thy storms;
In a safe and peaceful home,
Where the mourner may not come,
Nor the stranger rudely tread
O'er their calm and coral bed.
Where the ocean buried lies,
May no monuments arise,
For thy bosom bears no trace
Of our evanescent race:
On thy wild and wandering wave,
Bloom no laurels for the grave;
O'er thy dread, unfathom'd gloom,
Tower no trophies for the tomb.
But there comes a day of dread,
To reclaim thy thousand dead:
Bursting from thy dark control,
While in fire thy billows roll,
Shall that countless multitude
Soar from out thy shrinking flood.

MALCOLM.

ITS MUSIC.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh, many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth;
And hushed is many a lovely one,
Of mournfulness, or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the bold Crusaders sang,
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep,
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speak'st of one that doth not change,
So may our hearts repose.

MRS. HEMANS.

ITS CHANGES.

From shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them;
And mirror many a fathom deep
Rocks round and skies above them.
I catch the sea-bird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow,
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea-boy's pillow.

Anon, across the glassy bay
The catspaw gusts come creeping;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean;
Seas, skies, and men all wake again
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds, in angry crowds,
On heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels
Before the 'whelming breaker;
And all in nature quakes, and feels
The presence of its Maker.

Oh, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean;
Beneath the sunshine or the storm,
In stillness or commotion;
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
A witness of thy wonders;
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders!

While yet a boy I felt it joy
To gaze upon thy glories;
I loved to ride thy stormy tide,
And shout in joyous chorus.
With calmer brow I haunt thee now,
To nurse sublime emotion;
My soul is awed, and fill'd with God,
By thee, majestic ocean!

LYTT.

ITS IMMENSITY AND ANTIQUITY.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Back through far ages. And, oh! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast roll'd.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou sweep'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.
And though the land is throng'd again, oh Sea!
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.

DANA.